

The Newberry Herald and News.

A Family Paper Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

VOL. XX.

NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1884.

No. 47

Glass Houses.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth."
It is amusing to see how tender-footed certain blooded creatures have become of late. They make much ado about "spies and impostors" when none are in sight. The proprietors of B. B. B. would say most emphatically that their remedy stands upon its own merit. Should we attempt to imitate the motto operators of that which they offer. Our own long experience in the profession teaches us that the field for food is wide and broad and that the demand for the medicine is not less. We do not desire to close the door against others, neither shall it be closed against us. B. B. B. is the quickest remedy, does not contain mineral or vegetable poisons, does not irritate and is in the field as an honorable competitor for public favor. Oct 10 Im

POSITIVE NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned, must settle the same by or before the 20th of November next, otherwise your accounts will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection, and you will get no further credit in the FUTURE. S. F. FANT.

Oct 30 21

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors of Messrs. M. C. Copeck, deceased, to present their claims properly, to the undersigned, immediately, all who are in anywise indebted to the same are requested to settle at once, as no further credit will be given. JOHN W. COPPECK, Executor.

Oct 30 21

NEW MARBLE YARD.

We desire to announce to the citizens of Newberry and surrounding Counties, that we have located a MARBLE YARD in the Town of Newberry, and are prepared to furnish all kinds of

MARBLE AND GRANITE TOMB-STONES AND MONUMENTS.

In first class style and 20 per cent cheaper than the same class of work has hitherto been sold in Newberry, consequently we respectfully solicit a liberal share of their patronage. One block north-west of Crowell Hotel.

Oct 30 21 MILLER & HOFF.

Fresh Butter, &c.

The best New York Dairy Butter, Fresh Western Butter, The Genuine Cleveland and Hendrick's Clats, also, that popular Clear, the Sweet Mash just received at the Cheap Store of

B. H. LOVELACE.



PIANOS.

Grand, Upright and Square. The superiority of the "STIEFF" Pianos is recognized and acknowledged by the highest musical authorities, and the demand for them is steadily increasing as their merits are becoming more extensively known.

High Art Honors

Overall American and many European medals at the

Exposition, Paris, 1878

Have the endorsement of over 100 different Colleges, Seminaries and Schools as to their Durability. They are Perfect in Tone and Workmanship and Elegant in Appearance.

A large assortment of second-hand Pianos always on hand.

General Wholesale Agents for

Burdett, Palace, Kirtling, New England, and Wilcox and White

ORGANS.

AND ORGANS sold on EAST IN-STALLMENTS.

Pianos taken in Exchange, also thoroughly repaired.

Send for Illustrated Piano or Organ Catalogue.

Chas. M. Stieff,

No. 9, NORTH LIBERTY STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

F. Werber, Jr., Agent, Newberry.

April 27

CONTRACTORS

—AND—

BUILDERS.

—AND—

Lumber Mill Men

The undersigned respectfully inform the citizens of Newberry and the surrounding Counties, that, having located at Helena, they are prepared to contract for and build Churches, Dwellings and other Buildings. We guarantee satisfaction, both in the quality of our work and in the prices charged for it. Having an excellent saw mill we are also prepared, at short notice, to saw and dress lumber. Orders solicited.

SHOCKLEY BROS.

March 14

BOOKS AT YOUR OWN PRICES.

Religious, Moral, Miscellaneous and Good Books.

THE PROPRIETRESS OF THE HERALD BOOK STORE, offers a certain portion of her stock of Books at such prices as

Cannot fail to insure Sale.

A good Book is a good friend; it never betrays you, and it is always ready to afford you pleasure; it can be read and re-read, and never fails on the taste.

We would desire to be of these books.

Think of a \$2 book for \$1.00.

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STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF NEWBERRY, IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Napoleon B. Davenport, Plaintiff, against William M. Davenport and John D. Pitts, the Executors of Henry Davenport, deceased, who was the sole Executor of John G. Davenport, deceased, of whose will they are now the Executors, Thos. B. Davenport, Edw. G. Davenport, John G. Davenport, Robert G. Davenport, Sarah Ann Davenport, John H. Pitts, John H. Davenport, William G. Davenport, Melvin B. Davenport, Louisa A. Davenport, Jonathan D. Pitts, Elizabeth H. Davenport, William G. McKeever, James S. McKeever and Wm. McKeever.

To the Defendants above named:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court, for said County and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers at their office at Newberry, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to do so, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded by the complaint in this action.

Dated September 11, A. D. 1884.

MOORE & SIMKINS,

Plaintiff's Attorneys,

Newberry, S. C.

This 11th day of September, 1884.

Sep. 11—61.

Land for Sale.

A TRACT OF LAND, containing Seventy-seven (77) Acres, more or less, bounded by lands of Dr. G. W. Glenn, Edgar Slight, and the Wilson Place, is offered for sale. It is well watered, partly cleared, and susceptible of high cultivation. There is considerable cord wood on it. A bargain may be had.

Apply to

HERALD and NEWS OFFICE, sep 18 17

BLOOD.

And its unparalleled abuses, are fully and freely discussed in a neat 32 page book, mailed free to any address, by Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Drop a postal for it, as every man and woman needs and will be delighted with its valuable and entirely new revelations.

SMALL VOICES.

Sometimes shake a Nation of people and arouse them to action. Excessions similar to the following, from a well known Druggist of Atlanta, pour in from sections where B. B. B. has been used.

ATLANTA, June 12, 1884.

It is our firm belief that B. B. B. is the Blood Purifier on the market. We are selling four or five bottles of it to one of our customers of the kind. It has failed in no instance to give entire satisfaction. Merit is the word.

W. P. SMITH & CO., Druggists.

This is the only blood medicine known that combines quick action, certain effect, cheap price and unbounded satisfaction.

WE PROVE

That one single bottle of B. B. B. will do much work in curing Eruptions, Skin Affections, Scalds, Kidney Troubles, Catarrh and Rheumatism, as six bottles of any other preparation on earth.

One 30-year-old chronic ulcer cured; scalds of children cured with one bottle. Blood poisons cleared with a few bottles. It never fails. We hold home proof in book form. Send for it. Large bottle \$1.00, six for \$5.00. Express, on receipt of price, and Druggist will send you one.

BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Sold in Newberry by Dr. S. F. Fant.

Oct 18 14

Wright & J. W. Copeck

We now announce that our stock of

CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS

—FOR—

Men, Youths, Boys and Children,

IS NOW COMPLETE,

and we think UNSURPASSED in anything that tends to constitute

A First-Class Stock

Our line of

DRESS SUITS

was never MORE HANDSOME,

while our

Business Suits

are a decided improvement on anything we have ever been able to get.

Special attention given to the selection of Youths' and Boys' Goods. No doubt every mother will be gratified at the improvement in this line.

We claim to sell the

BEST GENTS' SHIRT 'N' DE.

for the amount charged, and no one will doubt the assertion when a comparison is made. Indeed, our whole line of Furnishing Goods was never so good as now,

and in every instance we will give as full value for the amount invested as any other house can afford to do, and we guarantee satisfaction.

Respectfully,

WRIGHT & J. W. COPPECK,

In Front of Court House,

Oct 21 Newberry, S. C.

THE ROMANCE OF MY YEARS.

—BY FATHER RYAN.

Some reckon their lives by years. Some reckon their life by art. But some tell their years by the flow of their blood.

And their life by the moans of their heart.

The dials of the earth may show The length, not the depth, of years. Few or many they come—few or many they go— But our time is best measured by tears.

Al! not by the silver gray That creeps through the sunny hair, And not by the seeds that we pass on our way— And not by the furrows the plow of care.

On the forehead and face has no hold— Not so, we cannot our years; Not by the sun of the carnal—the shade Of our souls, and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oft-times old, To touch their brows the bright and fair; While their blood beats warm the heart lies cold— O'er them the spring time—but winter is there.

And the old are oft-times young When their hair is thin and white; And they ring in age as in youth they sung, And they laugh for their cross was light.

But head by head I tell The romance of my years; From a cross to a cross they lead—Till well And they're blessed with the blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife Than a century of sleep; Give me, instead of a long dream of life, The tempest and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam On the billows of all the years; But never the foam brings the brave bark home.

It reaches the haven through tears.

BROADBENT'S NEW LOVE LETTER.

At last the great agony is over, and the patriots who for four months past have been beating their heads against the wall, and floating their banners to the sky, will now have an opportunity after saving the nation to spend some little time in saving themselves. It has been a most desperate battle for both parties and while the winners feel that they are fairly entitled to success the losers feel that they have lost no honor for they did all that mortal man could do to win.

While popular government may have its faults, and our system of ballots may have its drawbacks, it is questionable if any form of government ever devised by man could be as completely revolutionized as ours has been—with so little discomfort and disorder. Tuesday night was stormy, the streets were sloppy and cold, but till long after midnight crowds thronged about the different bulletin boards eager to catch the latest item of news that could give them a crumb of comfort or information. The day opened fairly, the weather was cool and cloudy and every one seemed to feel in a particularly happy mood. To one who remembers the turbulent elections of forty years ago, last Tuesday must have appeared like a Sunday school picnic. In fact, it was marvelous to see thousands of people engaged in a contest which to them meant great success or absolute failure, each of the great parties exerting yet to the utmost of its energy, and yet without any serious disturbance or riot. To appreciate the difference one must see a French, a German, or English riot. The English being the most brutal and ruffianly of them all. An English mob spares neither age nor sex.

Remarks which would cause a person to be indicted under the indecency act in the United States, pass without notice or reproach in London or Liverpool. The occasion of a popular election is always one of riot and outrage, and on any kind of a popular occasion it is no uncommon thing to smash the windows of those of opposite political sentiments. Not fifteen years after the battle of Waterloo, as popular a man as the Duke of Wellington fell under the public ban, and Apsley House was pelted by the mob till there was not a whole pane of glass left in it from cellar to roof. So I felt a little proud as I surveyed the rival hosts on Tuesday and saw

"The ballots fall as silently as snow-flakes on the sod.

That execute the Freeman's will, as lightning does the will of God."

There was plenty of chaff and railery, some pushing and hauling, but nothing worthy of the name of riot or disorder. As the shadows of night fell the anxiety began to increase and by nine things were at fever heat. Each new bulletin was received with cheers by the party that derived most comfort from it, while the different exclamations from individual members of the crowd brought out roars of laughter which shook the multitude like an earthquake. If the news was favorable to Blake some one would roar out "How do you do, Mr. Beecher," and if the return favored Cleveland some one would cry "Bully for Mulligan."

As the hours wore on the excitement increased and neither the chilling rain, nor the almost freezing atmosphere, seemed to have the slightest effect on the ardor of the partisans, and when the grey lights of Wednesday broke cold and cheerless, hundreds were huddled about the different bulletin boards, some to still the rival candidates seemed to still be undecided. But as the second day wore on and it became evident who had certainly won the race, the

excitement subsided, and with it write everything is running along as smoothly as if fifty millions of people had not been shaken up for five months as if by an earthquake.

"Let us have Peace."

A circumstance occurred here this week which reads very much like a yellow-covered novel. A man passing by a cemetery close to town heard faint moans coming from the direction of a clump of bushes. He went toward the spot to find something and the sounds had ceased; he was a out to examine his journey when he heard a faint cry again; he looked about carefully and he saw a pile of autumn leaves, and a thin he heard the cry; he pulled away the leaves and there lay a little child with a handkerchief tied tightly about its neck in the last stages of strangulation. He quickly released the child from one from its perilous position, and taking it up tenderly in his arms took it to a neighboring house, where it soon revived, and at last was able to speak. By close questioning they discovered that she had been on a big ship, and that she was cared for by a woman whom she called Aunt. This woman brought her from a woman and kept her at a boarding house for several days, then she disappeared with her in a morning and nothing more was heard of the child till she was found in the grave nearly suffocated to death. The case is surrounded with mystery. It is supposed that the child was heirless to a great estate in Germany, and was left in charge of relatives who would succeed to the estate if the child were put out of the way. The woman who had her in charge was engaged for the murder and intended to throw her overboard from the steamer on the passage to the United States. No good opportunity offered, and after landing she took her to the cemetery, tied the handkerchief about her neck till she thought she was dead, and then covering her with leaves, left her. The authorities are searching for the would-be murderers, and it is to be hoped that the author of this unparalleled piece of villainy, will soon be found and punished.

Col. Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Opera, dropped in on us radiant and happy as a big sun flower, the first of the week, and the great Diva Patti arrived almost at the same time.

Mapleson is certainly a most extraordinary man. Only a few months ago he departed a bankrupt followed by the curses of a bankrupted girl and defrauded musicians. His scenery and properties were knocked down under the auctioneer's hammer and scattered to the winds—in fact, it was a question if he would get away at all. The season had been most disastrous. Abby had sunk \$200,000, but paid his bills like a man and stood his loss like a hero. Mapleson only paid those he could not avoid paying and left those whom he could avoid paying to whistle for their money. He was supposed to be utterly bankrupt, and certainly few managers ever left the country in such disgraceful plight. He was in hot water all the season with his singers, musicians and directors, and now he comes back happy and smiling with Patti at his back, who was on descendingly consented to sing for \$5,000, and I don't know but the Colonel has to pay the expenses besides. Whoever suffers, Patti won't. Her money was put up before she left and she receives \$5,000 every night in advance. Col. Mapleson says that the directors of the Academy of Music ought to be exceedingly obliged to him for driving Abby out of the opera business, and knocking the Metropolitan Opera House out on the first round.

One thing is very certain, and that is, now that the fierce competition of last winter is removed we will see no such opera for years to come as Manager Abbey gave us at the Metropolitan Opera House. Meanwhile the new company which dropped down on us like a shooting star, has been filling the Star Theatre with the lovers of good music, and giving us, if not a really first-class performance, one thoroughly acceptable, and which, with a few additions, would make it quite good enough to put into the Metropolitan Opera House, where at popular prices it could be made to pay for the entire season. It is time that we got over the shoddy craze of paying ten, fifteen, or twenty-five dollars a night for seats to hear a singer, but it cannot be given for less if three or four of the principal singers are allowed to walk off with from eight to ten thousand dollars a night. Forty years ago we got good opera for fifty cents and a dollar; but the man who attends a fashionable church these days and has a box in the opera besides, needs a bank account like a Gouli or Vanderbilt, or else must be exceedingly lucky when he takes a fly in stocks.

The papers have been full of the romance of Commodore Meade's daughter, who has just turned up at St. Paul's as the wife of one McAfee, who ran a way from Ireland leaving a wife and young child behind him. It is Mrs. McAfee's third matrimonial venture. She is well recollected in Brooklyn, where for years she figured as a great society belle. Her father, the Commodore, was a peppy old gentleman, and when one morning the young lady turned up missing, she having eloped with a fellow by the name of Lundis, who has since figured as the murderer of two men, nobody in Brooklyn knew her as much surprised; but the old Commodore was thrown into such a desperate rage that he swore he would shoot the man if he could find him, and he resolutely refused to see his daughter up to the day of his death. Like most runaway natches, hers proved a dead failure. Lundis,

who was wealthy, did not suit her; the pair led a cat and dog life, and were finally divorced, and she found consolation in husband No. 2—a German. He crossed the Styx, and on the return voyage to America she met the young Irishman, McAfee, and they were married in New York. The brother of the first wife found him in clover up to his ears, and after a long chase hunted him down and lodged him safely in State Prison. The wife found quarters in a charitable asylum, having sounded every phase of life at thirty-eight, from a baroness with a castle and retinue to a pauper's condition, dependent for the bread she eats on charity.

Neither the polar wave, nor the importation of some millions of gold, nor the election of Cleveland and Blaine (for each has been elected by overwhelming majorities a dozen times this week), has had any effect on the stock market. It is dead as a door nail. Van derbilt holds aloof—Jay Gould does not feel like going in—Russell Sage looks wary and talks Sunday School—Uncle Rufus Hatch is studying astrology only, and when he gets his first 1,147 observation he will make some of the lamb's stars, or my name is not BROADBENT.

MESSAGES OF LOVE OR HATE.

"Do I know anything of the language of postage stamps?" said a well known stationery dealer yesterday. "I don't know of any book on the subject if that is what you mean, but I have heard the significance of some of the ways of placing them on envelopes. For instance, if the writer is a gentleman who wishes to express love for a fair damsel he inclines the label toward the left, which method is repeated by the lady if she is favorable to his suit. If, on the contrary, she wishes to give him the cold shoulder, she inclines her label to the right. A stamp in a perpendicular position signifies simple admiration, when the label stands on its head it means that the only sentiment evoked is the suppliant is ridiculous. If the stamp lies on its face it indicates that the writer is dying for love; if it is lying on its back, then the writer has given over his attack of heart disease. A label may be placed wrong way up with an inclination to the left that tells a story of hopeless attachment, while should it be leaning towards the right hand corner it is a sign that the affection is unrequited."

"Are there any other signs?"

"Yes, such as sticking the label in odd places on the envelope, in wrong corners, using two or even three stamps, making kisses around them, near them or in proximity to them. These have various meanings and may all be included in the language of postage stamps."

"Did you ever know of any one using this mode of communication?"

"If you promise not to give me away I will tell you of a postage stamp correspondence in which myself was a principal participant."

"My honor as a gentleman?"

"That's good enough. Well, it's about ten years ago. I hope you won't be shocked to hear that this correspondence grew out of my being a regular attendant at church?"

"Not at all. That makes it all the more interesting."

"I suppose it does, so many similar correspondences have arisen from a like cause. I have for years been a member of St. Peter's Episcopal church, at Third and Pine Streets. One Sunday, ten years ago, I was desperately struck with the appearance of a young lady who sat in a pew on the opposite side of the aisle to me. Never mind the details—after some inquiries I found out who she was but could not obtain an introduction."

"What did you do?"

"I got from a friend of mine some information about the postage stamp language and the language of flowers. Every Sunday morning I managed to get to church in time to place a small bouquet of flowers in her pew, together with an empty envelope with the stamp affixed in a certain way. After awhile she discovered who her unknown admirer was. What is more she learned the stamp language and in return she would leave an envelope stamped in the pew for me. This silent courtship continued for nearly eight months, when, one lucky day, I found an acquaintance who knew the family. I need not tell you that I soon became acquainted, too. To make a long story short, the lady is now my wife."

"Indeed! That is certainly a happy and fitting ending to so romantic a courtship."

"There are one or two other things you might say about the sticking on of stamps if you are going to publish this."

"Such as—"

"Well, I fancy some of the stampers at the postoffice would feel obliged to you if you would recommend foolish young people who are anxious to appear eccentric, not to put their stamps in any corner but the upper right-hand one. It will lift a weight of sin off the stampers' shoulders."

"But how about the language?"

"Easily arranged. If on the right hand upper corner of the envelope the stamp can be affixed in any manner that may be chosen. By the by, there is one curious sign in the stamp language you might mention."

"What is that?"

"Placing the stamp on with the moultage upward."

"What on earth does that mean?"

"That the sticker on is a confounded idiot, and most probably drunk. Good morning."—Phila. Times.

CLEANLINESS.

Good food and plenty of it, fed at the right time and in the right manner, is very important to stock, but is not all that is required to make stock the most profitable. Cleanliness is a very important item, not only as regards the saving of food, but also of health and health of animals. Horses need and must have, to keep them in the best thriving condition, a good stable and a dry place for their feet, and should be bathed well every night. If on straw, sawdust, or fine shavings, a soft bed, and should be provided with sufficient quantities to furnish good, even bed for them, in case they should want to be down.

Horses need to be well curried and brushed, at least, every morning, and the farmer who looks to the health and thrift of his stock will neglect this work.

Cows and sheep, during the summer, are generally let run in the pastures, and sleep where it best suits them. In this, I am speaking of the common farmer's stock. On many farms, where fancy stock are kept, the very best of care is given. They are fed and watered, and bathed and curried clean every day in the year, and the owners consider the work profitable. But even the farmer's woe need good attention during the winter, and should be bedded well every night, and be provided with good shelter.

To expect cattle to thrive in the best manner possible, and be exposed to all kinds of weather, and be forced to lie down in the mud, and thrive well, is more than could be expected. Sheep especially, to keep them in good health, require to be well provided with shelter. And this is not all that is necessary. They must be kept dry under foot. One of the most prolific causes of disease is forcing to stand in mud or in the wet. Keep them dry and furnish them with a liberal supply of dry bedding.

Hogs generally are supposed to be dirty anyhow, and very little pains are taken with their quarters. This is another mistake. Hogs like to be clean, and if pains are taken to provide clean quarters and a comfortable bed, they will repay the extra trouble in health and growth; and in thus keeping stock clean we save feed. With hogs too little pains are taken to even give them a dry place to feed. Their feed is thrown to them on the ground, whether it is clean or muddy, and the hogs get it as best they can. This, to make a long story short, is not only not fattening the hogs as fast as could be done, but in the waste of a large amount of feed. In fattening a good lot of hogs the feed saved will pay for labor sufficient to make a flow to feed them on, and yet the greater majority of farmers insist upon feeding in the mud, losing their feed and inducing disease and loss. Keep the quarters for the stock clean, increase the quantity of the manure pile, save feed, increase the health of the stock and make more money.—N. J. Shepherd in Texas Farm and Ranch.

MR. GLADSTONE'S PARISH CHURCH.

During a recent stay of two days in Chester, England, I took a "day" and drove out to Hawarden Castle, the country home of Mr. Gladstone. It is an ancient estate, beautifully wooded, here and there artistically thinned by the sturdy strokes of the Premier's renowned axe. But what interested me most was a visit to the little parish church where the great statesman worships, and where his son Stephen has been the rector for seventeen years. Mr. Gladstone himself often "reads the lessons" on Sundays. Whenever he is at Hawarden Castle, he walks every morning in the week to the little church, where at eight o'clock there is held a daily morning service. Although a stupendous empire is on his hands, he finds time to go daily to church and worship. What a model for American statesmen!

The church is a venerable little structure, utterly unpretentious. But the spirit of worship is everywhere evident. One of the "notices" in the porch so impressed me that I subjoin a transcript.

"ON YOUR WAY TO CHURCH."

"On your way to the Lord's house be thoughtful, be silent, or say but little, and that little, good. Speak not of other men's faults, think of your own, for you are going to ask forgiveness. Never stay outside, go in at once; time spent inside should be precious."

"IN CHURCH."

"Kneel down very humbly, and pray. Spend the time that remains in prayer; remember the awful presence into which you have come. Do not look about to see who are coming in, nor for any other cause. It matters nothing to you what others are doing; attend to yourself. Fasten your thoughts firmly on the holy service. Do not miss one word; this needs a severe struggle; you have no time for vain thoughts. The blessed Spirit will strengthen you if you persevere."

AFTER CHURCH.

"Remain kneeling, and pray. Be intent; speak to no one till you are outside. The church is God's house, even when prayer is over. Be quiet and thoughtful as you go